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The high relief by CHARLES EUGÈNE JOLY is an allegorical representation of the earth lifting itself to kiss the dawn, that has poetic conception and shows a sure grasp of sculpturesque lines. There is a statuette by a young Belgian sculptress, M<sup>lle</sup>. YVONNE SERRUYS, of a listening woman, that bespeaks great talent. ANTONIN INJALBERT puts expression and vitality in his human faces. JULES MEISEL, the Austrian, is a sculptor of excellent parts, as shown by three examples. EMILE DERRÉ's portrait bust of M<sup>lle</sup>. X—— has fine lines.

The American, GUTZON BORGLUM, exhibits two fragments of his "Horses of Diomedes," now in the Metropolitan Museum, and an excellent bronze "Nero," *cire perdue*, that is forceful. Two examples of the work of the late Associate, PAUL NOCQUET, were also shown.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS—1906.

### THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH.

The character of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition is signalized by one picture, hanging on the line in the sixth gallery, which could not have passed any jury of the New York National Academy, had it been sent in year after year for a dog's age. It shows a Hop-Garden in Kent, by a painter named Gilchrist, whoever he may be. It is a daub without a redeeming feature.

The majority of the 800 canvases exhibited are as worthless from an artistic standpoint, with some few notable exceptions. The second, third and ninth galleries are worse than anything ever seen in New York. There are rows and rows of canvases that tell stories in bright colors, scores of meaningless 'presentation' portraits, numbers of landscapes with nature left out.

Why is all this? There seems to be a well-defined notion in the English exhibitor's mind that he must paint a picture that shall be an attraction to the public that pays its shillings to see the show, and to the buyer who doesn't know anything, but wants a picture that is bright in color and tells a story. These painters may possibly hold back in their studios pictures intended for true art lovers—these will not find much to their taste at this year's Royal Academy.

As this review is addressed to serious collectors, it is patent that the whole exhibition might be ignored, save for a few good works. And in writing about it at all, I will possibly refer to more men who need not be considered than to those who deserve credit. But the presence of these few—and I will endeavor not to omit one—must serve as an excuse for this article.

The sterility of mind of the majority of the present day English painters is shown by the rank imitations seen on every hand. Abbey has several imitators, as George E. Hendry, Ernest Board, and Frank Craig's "Heretic"; Meissonier is followed by James P. Beadle and by W. B. Wollen; George Hitchcock by Mrs. Mary F. Raphael and by Florence K. Upton. Mr. Titcomb imitates Botticelli, Christopher Williams imitates Rosetti, and George W. Lambert is in love with Manet's work. In Herbert J. Draper's "Day and the Dawn Star," one can easily recognize one of the late George F. Watts' famous pictures, while Mrs. Will Fagan has taken Ary Scheffer for her pattern. But let us pass all this and single out the meritorious work.

The picture of the Academy is JOHN S. SARGENT's portrait group of the four Baltimore professors. This group ranks with any of the famous

Dutch portrait groups in vitality of expression, masterful technique and nobility of presentation. Only in these old groups and in the work of Velasquez can we find such depth, richness of color and juiciness of the blacks as we find it here. The heads are human documents, full of virility. The artist has done one of his greatest works, he has risen to a gigantic height of noble attainment.

A pity it is that Sargent's unevenness is shown by some of his other portraits. The "Field Marshal, Earl Roberts," is a striking expanse of medaled breast, but weak and chalky in the features—a failing often seen in the artist's inferior work. Two other portraits, of ladies, have all the weakness to which he so often falls. And yet—Sargent is one of the greatest portrait painters of the present day.

The King and the Queen, painted for the Canadian Houses of Parliament, by COLIN FORBES, are exhibited by special order of His Majesty. They will do good to every Royalist heart, for they look very handsome.

HUBERT VON HERKOMER's portraits are excellent; especially are the hands painted with character, and the artist is generally fortunate in his poses. S. J. SOLOMON demonstrates the justice of his election as Royal Academician in his notable portrait of Sir Aston Webb.

The portrait of Mrs. Untermeyer by J. J. SHANNON is one of the best portraits this artist has ever produced. Entirely different is his family group of Mrs. Sears and her daughters, where the poses are affected and the hands particularly bad. His portrait of the Duchess of Skane has a weak face, although the accessories and the stuff of the gown are, as usual, flawless.

ARTHUR S. COPE has a portrait of Sir J. Ure Primrose, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, that is among the best counterfeits of humanity. The background is a clever painting of a receding corridor, but the figure itself is the most striking part. Even without the official robes one would acknowledge that the person portrayed has the bearing of *quelqu'un*, as the French so expressively put it. Cope's portrait of the "Marquess of Bristol" is almost as good.

RALPH PEACOCK's "Portrait of a Lady" has pleasing finish and style that reminds me of Naegele's work. His portrait of "The Rev. Dr. Williams" is more robust. An excellent portrait is by HUGH G. RIVIERE, of the Lord Bishop of Rippon, in an unconventional, natural pose, without the priggishness usual in such "presentation" portraits. Sir GEORGE REID's portrait of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury has force and character. A striking decorative painting by ST. GEORGE HARE is of Miss Elsie Molloy as the Queen in "The Cherry Girl." An exquisite portrait of delicate color and brushing is by MRS. MARY L. WALLER of little Nancy, the daughter of Arthur Tooth, Esq.

It was inevitable that the automobile should be introduced in portrait work, if the desire to make it up-to-date is paramount to the artistic quality. SHOLTO DOUGLAS has shown this progressive spirit of the age with the result of making a much nicer picture of a motor car than we see in any of the automobile papers.

We may frankly claim that the contributions from American artists belong to the better class of exhibits. FREDERICK J. WAUGH, whose work was a surprise when seen last spring, sent here two of the strongest marines, "The Thunder of the Surf" and "Mid-Atlantic." CHARLES WARREN EATON, in "The Heart of New England" does credit to himself and his school. W. ELMER SCHOFIELD has a characteristic winter landscape, "Late Afternoon." J. NOBLE BARLOW has one of the best landscapes in "Departing Day, Cornwall," full of feeling, the treetops touched by the last sunrays reaching over the hilltop, while the valley is already enveloped in darkness. E. A. ABBEY is, however, not well represented.

His "Columbus in the New World" is unworthy of him. It lacks dignity, imagination being only used to produce a tour-de-force that shall be the vehicle of every little trickery and artificiality.

FRANK BRANGWYN, whom I consider to be one of the greatest living masters, has "A Venetian Funeral" that just misses being a chef d'oeuvre. Its spottiness is too insistent. MISS NORNA LABOUCHERE in "Sunday at Katwyk," has four girls' faces that are perfect types; she is an artist of excellent parts. DAVID FARQUHARSON has one of the best landscapes, and J. FARQUHARSON the best snow painting in the exhibition. JULIUS OLSON, DOROTHY CHEESMAN, HARRY MUSGRAVE, HENRY S. TUKE, and W. L. WYLLIE contribute also the redeeming features of this poor show.

Almost had I included No. 218, "Ask Me No More," in my pillory of imitators, thinking that some second rater had scandalously defrauded ALMA TADEMA of his color and brushes. But lo, and behold, the great name of Sir Alma himself is signed to the composition—which will be good to look at in the photo-engraving soon to be published, but which in the original is but a weak, watery, wish-wash of the great painter's art.

B. EASTLAKE LEADER is another artist who more and more is getting to paint for reproductive processes; his only good contribution is "A Summer's Day on the Thames." FRITZ THAULOW is getting slicker and slicker every year. It is amazing how many watery ways, red roofs and smucked up cottages this artist is turning out.

Of the Sculpture little need be said. Among the 180 numbers the only works of merit are by ANDERS OLSON, BENJAMIN CLEMENS, F. DERWENT WOOD, LEONARD JENNINGS, ARTHUR C. WHITE, W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, EMMELINE M. E. CUST, and FRANK W. POMEROY.

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## THE GUILDHALL EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY FLEMISH AND MODERN BELGIAN PAINTERS.

The admirable exhibition which ran from May until the end of July in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London was one of the most memorable and most successful which have been organized by the director, Mr. A. C. Temple. It did the greatest possible credit to his judgment and his catholicity of taste. The exhibitions which he has provided at the Guildhall, year by year, have been illustrations of art history, particularly instructive and throwing an exceptionally clear light upon the progress and development of the greater schools of painting. They have given valuable opportunities of comparing the achievements of masters long deceased with those of more recent workers.

The British, Italian, French, Dutch, Flemish schools have been in this wise exploited through loan exhibitions, which had a very large measure of historical interest. They did not merely assert the importance of the old work at the expense of that by modern workers. The sequence of the art of each school chosen for illustration has been properly presented, and the way in which the traditions laid down in past centuries have been carried on or have been modified to suit the modern point of view, has been shown with convincing clearness. Thereby it has been shown that art is not a dead language strictly limited in its possibilities of expression by ancient conventions. By hanging aside each other the old and new masters for comparison, it has been proved that all the greatest artistic expressions do not belong only to past centuries. Thus we found in this year's exhibition a broad review of the art of that part of the Low Countries, called Vlamenland, later Belgium. There were examples from all the prominent painters, from Hubert Van Eyck (born *circa* 1366),